

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunn by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when wee would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurrs by easing; but to the quicke of th' vicer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarize,
Reuengde should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbatred, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibancke
Somortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Weele make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Chalice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd sticke,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drownd, O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,
That shewes his hoary leaues in the glassy streame,
There with fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

M

Clambrin